Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me,
But as it seemes did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage the Nurse is privie:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Pri. We still have knowne thee for a holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my Master newes of *Juliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same monument:
This letter he earely bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Pri. Give me the letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your Master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloofe; and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Pri. This letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecary, and therewithall
Came to this vault, to dye and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven findes meanes to kill your joyes with love;

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brase of Kinsmen: all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand;
This is my daughters jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo's* by his Ladies lye:
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head.
Goe hence to have more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.